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### WHERE FOOD ADMINISTRATION FALLS SHORT.

IF THE PEOPLE of the United States are ready to do their patriotic best in heeding the Government's urgent warnings to eat corn instead of wheat, haven't they a right to expect that Government to exert itself in their interest to the extent of putting some restriction on the price of corn?

The Food Administration tells them that inasmuch as American corn cannot help the Allies—since corn meal spoils in shipment and there are few mills in Europe to grind the full grain—it is the duty of Americans to use the corn here and send the wheat abroad.

The Food Administration assures them that there is "five times as much corn as wheat in this year's crop," while "the surplus of corn this year over any previous year is greater than this year's entire wheat crop."

The Food Administration reminds them that the country raised last year a bumper corn crop of 3,191,000,000 bushels, of which a large surplus still remains.

The Food Administration so impresses upon them the fact of this abundance of corn that here would seem to be their surest standby in the way of a food both plentiful and cheap.

Will some one explain why, despite this enormous corn supply for which the Food Administration vouches, the price of corn meal has been permitted to rise unchecked until the baker has to pay as much for it as for wheat flour?

Is that the way to encourage American consumers to turn to the nation's huge surplus of corn?

There has been one marked defect of inconsistency in food administration.

When some months ago the Government asked housewives to buy less meat, they naturally began to buy more fish. But they soon found that prices of sea food (notwithstanding a supply admittedly inexhaustible) could be, and were, boosted higher and higher, unchecked by food authorities.

The Evening World's investigation of retail food prices in this city disclosed last December the fact that retail fish dealers had put up prices until they were taking from 100 to 400 per cent. profit on most of the fish they handled—ably seconded by wholesale dealers who would rather force fishermen to throw part of their catch back into the sea than allow plentiful supplies of fish to find their way to consumers at prices regulated by supply and demand.

Now, when the country is asked to cut down its consumption of wheat and buy more corn, it finds the wholesale price of corn meal 100 per cent. higher than it was a year ago, and the bakers complaining that they can not keep down the price of bread made with substitutes for wheat if the prices of such substitutes are permitted to go on increasing until they are higher than the cost of wheat itself.

There is a serious weakness in Food Administration that professes to control the price of the meat or wheat it urges the public not to buy, but shuts its eyes to jumps in the price of the fish or corn it recommends to the public as plentiful and patriotic.

Just now corn is given special prominence as the original American staple, which we can count on to stand by and save us.

Why, then, doesn't Mr. Hoover give some reassuring sign of Federal interest in keeping down the price of corn meal?

### Hits From Sharp Wits

Maybe the wind is tempered to the south, but it doesn't recognize a corn shortage.—Toledo Blade.

"Eat corn bread and help win the war," demands also the Columbia (S. C.) Record. Eating Southern corn bread is not an act of self-denial.—Boston Transcript.

What son of Mars needs Sunday movies when he may gaze on the passing show of pretty girls in their best clothes? And what right-minded girl wants Sunday movies when she knows that she is being gazed at by a volunteer?—Columbia (S. C.) State.

The liar proclaims most vociferously that he tells the truth.—Albany Journal.

Now that medicines are to be cheapened, the economically inclined, hitherto repelled by the high cost of getting sick, can again indulge in the luxury of enjoying poor health.—Baltimore American.

Some girls look so sweet that we forget the sugar shortage.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

### Letters From the People

Please limit communications to 150 words.

**Praise for Army Life.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I would like to see "One of the Boys," also "A Drafted Man's Wife," to read my few words. I have four of my family doing their bit for Uncle Sam. All are gaining in weight, due to exercise and nourishment. All of them say there is positively "no kick coming." They are real soldiers.

Any soldier who has not enough blankets can easily procure them from the Red Cross by asking. The men who kick are "perpetual kickers." You may rest assured Uncle Sam needs his men and he isn't doing anything to harm them. All that is done is for their own good.

—E. M. W.

**Another Complaint About Camp Wadsworth.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish to voice the sentiment of the Camp Wadsworth men and say that the "Mail of America" and the "School Girl" are misinformed. Not aware of conditions existing at that camp, but also the mothers and fathers of Yonkers are aware of it, we have their brave sons down there. When taken sick, they get a pill or

## The Busy Bee!



### The Wondrous Work of the War

By Sophie Irene Loeb

YESTERDAY in the most fashionable restaurant of New York three women were seated in a delightful corner at luncheon. They were the guests of a prominent man called to do his bit in war work. The meal was arranged to discuss ways and means for alleviating distress in connection with the food problem. The menu—it was one in accordance with the reputation of this ultra-delectable restaurant. But almost after the first course, when two carefully reared capons were put before the ladies, one of them, the wealthiest of all, insisted that one of these fowls, together with other portions of the meal, be sent at once to some one in need. "I think we ought to practice a little of what we preach," she said. "In these war times, while we are talking about saving food, we should not hesitate to share the good things as far as possible."

### How to Lift Yourself By Your Bootstraps

THE instance of the man who tried to lift himself by his bootstraps is an old figure of speech to describe an extremely foolish waste of energy, the downward pressure of the feet on the ground being equal to the upward pull on the straps. Prof. J. P. Drake of the Kansas State Normal School has proved, however, that a man can lift himself by an upward pull. A chair made fast to a beam was run through a loose pulley, attached to a stone. Standing on the latter, a man grasped the end of the chain and with a vigorous upward pull raised himself and the stone into the air. A spring balance on the chain registered 200 pounds, the combined weight of the man and the stone, but an equal downward pressure had to be overcome. The total weight lifted was 400 pounds. The principle of the loose pulley is that each strand holds half the load, so 200 pounds was supported by the chain more fast to the beam, while the man actually raised the remaining 200.

### The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"H"OW time flies when one seems we've had a good time at all since this war began. Then look at Mr. Jarr musingly. "Here's the terrible winter, and the endless days and the lightless nights, and everybody knitting except Mrs. Jarr, and she would be knitting only she fell on the ice and broke her arm."

"Well, the bone is knitting, I hear," murmured Mr. Jarr.

"Don't try to be funny on a serious subject," said Mrs. Jarr, coldly. "As I was saying, nobody has the heart to enjoy themselves these days, but everything I do I wonder how we get along—I wonder how anybody gets along."

"But we do get along," said Mr. Jarr. "And if time is flying so fast, as we say, it will be all the quicker bringing peace."

"Speaking of peace," he added, "the boss and his wife are on speaking terms again and he's giving a peace dinner to her at the Hotel St. Croesus. We are to go."

"It will cost us a lot of money and we can't afford it," said Mrs. Jarr.

"How will it cost us a lot of money?" asked Mr. Jarr. "It's old man Smith's peace party, and he's footing the bill."

"I know that," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But when the dinner Clara Mudge-Smith will suggest going to some cabaret. She won't be satisfied with the dinner or the dancing at the St. Croesus. She always wants to go somewhere else. She's one of those people who go some place for a good time and evidently believe it is to be found some place else. She goes from restaurants and cabarets to roof shows and where not. But she's just the kind of a woman who manoeuvres so that someone else besides her husband has to pay some of the bills at least. And yet he may be the only rich person in the party."

"Well, if you feel that way about it we won't go," said Mr. Jarr. "Still, the way the cost of living is going up, we won't have money enough to live anyway, so we might as well have a good time while we can."

"That isn't a sensible way to look at it at all," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "It's Clara Mudge-Smith and her husband's peace party. I'll take good care her husband pays all the incidental expenses. There's other people who can manoeuvre as well as she can. You can say you're sorry, but you left your money in your other clothes. You'll be wearing your dress suit."

"Everybody will give a party, all parties will give parties," interjected Mr. Jarr.

"But I mean to give a party, no matter who else gives one. It doesn't

## Americans Under Fire

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 68.—A Barrel of Whiskey That Cost a Million Dollars.

EARLY in 1885 some one smuggled a barrel of whiskey into an Arizona reservation of the Chiricahua Apaches. The result was a wholesale and noisy uproar. Lieut. Davis, in command of the local army post, told the Apache chief, Geronimo, that Gen. Crook would punish this breach of law. Crook was in charge of the Department of the Southwest. The Chiricahuas were mortally afraid of him. A band of them, led by Geronimo, decided not to stay to be punished.

So they left the reservation and headed for Mexico. Along the line of march they proceeded to burn and plunder and kill in the most approved "warpath" method.

Crook gave chase with a force of United States cavalrymen, and a strange guerilla war began.

The Apaches, whenever they were close pressed by their pursuers, took refuge among the rugged mountains along the way. There they "sniped" the cavalrymen, cut off stragglers, raided nearby settlements, and always escaped in safety before the soldiers could surround them to starve them out.

With little loss of life the Indians kept up their running fight. Geronimo had the cunning of a snake. He avoided traps and pitfalls. He struck with deadly swiftness, and ever he was away again before he could be caught. Only by the help of friendly Apache scouts was Crook able to keep on his trail at all.

The weather was murderously hot. The going was bad. Water was scarce. The rifles of the hidden Apaches forever scourged the pursuing troops. Yet the soldiers kept doggedly on.

"The cavalry must have rest, not only for themselves, but for their horses," writes Norman Wood. "But if the steeds of the Indians grew tired they had but to steal others at the settlements which they passed. Thus freshly mounted the unwearied savages laughed at the white men's best efforts."

Across the Mexican border fled the Apaches. Our treaty with Mexico permitted Crook to follow them thither. Geronimo, not knowing of this treaty, slowed up his flight. At once the cavalrymen were upon him. In the light that followed most of his braves escaped. But Geronimo himself was captured, as was his wife.

He was put under heavy guard, yet he not only escaped during the night, but crept back to Crook's camp and rescued his wife. And the chase went on as before.

Just as the soldiers once more closed in on Geronimo the Chiricahuas were joined by another (feeling band of Apaches which a troop of Mexican cavalry were chasing. Into the Indian camp charged the Mexicans, at a moment when Capt. Crawford of Crook's force was demanding Geronimo's surrender. A Mexican bullet killed Crawford.

Several officers and men on both sides were killed or wounded. There was a general mix-up, followed by explanations. Meanwhile the Indians got free and resumed their flight.

It was almost a year after the Apaches had left their reservation that Geronimo was at last brought to terms. He and Crook met face to face at a conference. The talk lasted most of the day. That night Geronimo and his braves slipped away. Morning found them miles distant and out of immediate danger.

Crook, in chagrin, resigned his position as commander of the Department of the Southwest. Gen. Miles succeeded him. Miles pressed the campaign with a vehemence that Geronimo was not a minute to rest. He ignored their pretended peace overtures. He saw through Geronimo's wildest tricks. He would listen to no terms except unconditional surrender.

For twenty-one weeks he kept up the chase. Then, on Sept. 3, 1886, Geronimo surrendered and was shipped to Florida.

During eighteen months—over a distance of 2,000 miles and at a cost of more than \$1,000,000 to the Government—the running war had been waged, the war that began with a barrel of cheap whiskey.

### Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

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"I HATE to hear a person talk about their personal infirmities, don't you?" said Lucile the Waitress to the Friendly Patron as he tackled his apple pie.

"It's not very entertaining," he replied.

"Right you are!" she went on.

"Half an hour ago a man, setting once removed from where you're at, looks at me with his face all screwed up like a caricature picture and says: 'My foot is hurting me something fierce.'"

"Now, you know and I know I wasn't expecting any tidings from his pedestals and him trying to mix me up in it made me rather sore."

"Your foot?" I says with the rising affection. "I thought it was your face."

"Well, sir, you'd 'a' thought he'd laid off the whole subject and predicate of the thing after that, but no, not him! He's got to talk about that foot."

"It's been hurting me ever since I got up," he says.

"He begins to finger a quarter and I get the notion maybe he's begun to realize that they ain't nothing like tipple days in this place. So of course, I have to obey the rules and be nice."

"Got fallen arches, maybe?" I says.

"No," he says, putting the quarter back in his pocket. "Just callous."

"I see the time has come for me to end his talk on his woes, so I look baby-like innocent and asks: 'What makes your foot careless?'"

"Please don't joke about it," he tells me. "My foot started hurting at the club this morning. I live at a club."

"Most likely it's a club foot," says little me.

"You understand, I wasn't trying to entertain him nor nothing like that. I wanted to stop him. Jokes, you know, accompanied by a look of

incineration, are a back-set to all freshies. But, listen, brother—he can't be stopped."

"I got a remedy for it," he says.

"I'll fix it up when I get back home."

"Good for you," I retort. "Now, what'll it be, beef stew or pork chops? Lease me and you pester the old cook a bit."

"He takes a stew and I'm glad, because the pork chops are all gone. No sooner does he get to gurgling his piece of irrepressible than he has a relapse onto his troubles again."

"When I get back to the club I'll use Velvet Salve," he says. "It's a great foot remedy. It's made by Prince."

"Foot Prince, eh?" I says. "It was just a sort of a justification over the whole thing and he gives me a grin."

"I'll bet you need Velvet Salve," he says. "It's the finest thing there is for peevish feet. I got three cans at the drug store a while ago. I only need one. If you got bad feet and need a can I wouldn't be reverse to needing you have it at cost—one dollar."

"Listen, Mister," I says, "would you mind letting me have the dollar?"

"Oh, you got money," he says, grinning laughingly. "Feed back today."

"No," I tell him. "This is one of my feeble days."

"It was such an apture time for such a relapse after that, I took it at him. He hurries but keeps on talking about Velvet. At last I get good and mad."

"I surely cured him. 'What do you take this for—a temple of chrysopodium?' You come in here hunger-stricken and all the lady in white hears is an impromptu lecture on feet. If you got to talk to me let it be on art. When do you like the best, Raphael or Bud Fisher?"

"It surely cured him. He never had nothing more to say about the pedals after that. He was all through."

"I hardly blame you for stopping him," said the Friendly Patron.

"The funny part of it was my feet were hurting me terrible. I guess they'll be all right to-morrow."

"Why?"

"Oh," said because. "They better," concluded Lucile. "Or I know a man who'll hand me back one dollar. The skinkin'! I found I could get Velvet for fifteen cents at the drug store, but alas! too late."

### A Slave Who Became Queen

RELIGIOUS houses in various cities in France are celebrating the festival of St. Bathilde, the slave who became a Queen. Bathilde was an Englishwoman who lived in the seventh century. As a girl she was captured and carried off to France and sold as a slave to Erkenwald, Mayor of the palace under King Clovis II. She soon attracted the attention of the King, and Clovis, falling violently in love with her, made her his queen and Queen. This elevation from a position of servitude to that of royal consort did not make Bathilde haughty. She used her influence with the King to bring about the abolition of the enslavement of Christians. When the King died she became Regent, and filled France with religious houses and convents. When her son Clotaire ascended the throne she retired to a convent, and in her later years was remarkable for her devotion to the poor and the sick. Her memory is still perpetuated by many convents and churches in France.

BIG FIRE LOSS IN RUSSIA.

It is said that Russia burns down every seven years. On account of the scarcity of stone all northern and central Russia is built of wood.